THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, July* 26, 1806. [No. 29.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 173.

MR. SAUNTER,

I AM one of those who have seen with peculiar pleasure and interest the Welch poems contained in your paper of last Saturday; and, as I flatter myself, that even in the way of example, the commentary of a reader may not be unacceptable, I have concluded on sending you mine.—I say, in the way of example; because I persuade myself, that such an occasional discussion of the literary topics that present themselves, would often produce to you no disagreeable communications, and tend, in a peculiar manner, to the growth of public taste. For my part, I am not without the hope of establishing, through your favour, a short correspondence with the ingenious translator of the courtly bard of the Britons; or of inducing him, at the least, to appear again in your paper, though my wandering steps should render it impracticable for me to make any rejoinder.

In the first place, Mr. Saunter, I think you will join with me in expressing a wish, that the originals of the four odes on the seasons, written in the Roman character, could be supplied, for your paper. The originals, as the translator assures us, are harmonious; and I doubt not, that within the circle of your readers, there are some by whom they would, in their own language, be understood. Through this communication, you might hope to obtain, either from the present translator, or some other, such versions, as, superadding to the imagery, sentiment and animation, preserved in those before us, the charm of numbers, might present them in the harmony of their native dress. With the originals, the translator would also, it were to be desired, associate what particulars his leisure allowed him to set down, whether in regard to these poems, or to Welch poetry in general.

Your correspondent professes, that he has no desire of provoking an *invidious* comparison (as I presume) between these odes and the poems of Ossian, and other northern poets. The result I draw, is that these are infinitely more cheerful, and more characteristic of a civilised nation; insomuch, that I scarcely perceive in them any thing of that peculiarity which appears to strike the translator, when he says, that they are expressive of those sentiments which must arise in the bosoms of an 'artless people.' Nor, are they remarkable for *novelty* of sentiment, as I shall show from some extraordinary resemblances to familiar passages in modern poetry. What alone appears to me to be new, is a sentiment concerning Winter: 'Tyrant of the earth, seas, skies; destroyer of the fairest bounties of Nature; why, Winter, should I sing the woes thou

causest, but that *I know thee to be an instrument, in the hand of the Creator, for the punishment of improvident man?*'—This, I confess, I do not remember to have seen before; and I shall not be sorry—if I never see it again.

The sentiment that succeeds, at a first reading, appears to be deficient in humanity. We accuse the poet of saying, with Apemantus,

I pray for no man but myself:—

candidly considered, however, we must give it a different construction. It is certainly a sentiment of self-gratulation; but it amounts to no more than this, 'Do what thou wilt, I am secure.'

But, let the address to the husbandman, in this ode on Winter, be compared with a similar address, in Thomson's poem on Winter:—'Yet, husbandman, spread thick the bed of straw for your faithful dependants! Be the rich produce of the meadow piled in plenty before them; the mild and laborious ox, the horse renowned for strength and swiftness, the cow with distended udder, teeming with that sustenance which cheers the heart of thy offspring; and the patient sheep, whose former covering now protects thee from the blasts of Winter. Scatter with unsparing hand, before the feathered tribes, the rich blessings of Autumn; nor withhold from the churlish hog his share of the produce of thy toil: useless in life, he will reward thee at his death:'

Now, shepherds, to your gentle charge be kind!
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict.
* * * * * * *
Drooping, the lab'rer ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heav'n,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them.

A resemblance equally extraordinary is to be found between the principal imagery in the Ode to Summer, and two passages of Goldsmith, the first in his Deserted Village, and the second in his Traveller. I transcribe only the lines of Goldsmith, referring you, for the Ode on Summer, to your very recent paper:—'*And see! the youth of the village salute the evening beams with unaffected sincerity; the hand of labour is suspended,*' &c.

How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove.

The strings of the harp, &c.

How often have I led thy sprightly choir,
With tuneless pipe, along the banks of Loire,
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew!
And haply, though my harsh touch, faul'tring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour:
Alike all ages; dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

Alike all ages, I shall exclaim, in another sense; for, in the Ode on Summer, Age prefers the agility of the companions of his better days, to that of the *modern youth*, who danced and died—before William the Norman!

In this poem, it were injustice, equally toward the translator and the author, not to remark the beauty of the conclusion:—'How fervid are thy noontide beams, O Summer! Ah, who will place me on the heights of Snowdon, or cover me with the greenest boughs of the vale of Llanberris! Be hushed, ye birds, while, as I repose on the verdant banks of Arvon, the vast oak slowly waving his branches over my head, I yield to thy

power, O Summer! and seek refreshment in the arms of balmy sleep!'

It is refreshing, in this sultry season, to think of the heights of Snowdon; and the wish, to be covered *with the greenest boughs of the vale of Llanberris*, is worthy of Hafez.—I venture to read, *Llanberris*, presuming that *Slanberris* is an error of the press. As to *Arvon*, the translator will excuse my inquiry, whether this word, in the original, stand here as a proper name, or whether only as signifying a *river?* I put this question, because, in the preceding poem, the word *Avon* is once, rather injudiciously, I think, retained, when it might have been translated. If the translator say, 'The salmon, pride of the river, now visits the *Avons* of Cambria,' he might also say, 'The salmon, pride of the *Avon*,' &c. Is *slowly waving* exactly the sense of the original? and, amid these matters, is the name of the prince, *Howell*, and not, *Hoël?*

In the Ode to Spring is another curious similarity: 'And shall not man, O Spring, express his raptures at thy approach?'—Here, we all recollect the Hymn of Eve, so familiar that I should not subjoin it, but for the sake of its own beauty:

How cheerful, along the gay mead,
The cowslips and vi'lets appear!
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year:
Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call;
Forbid it, Devotion and Love!

The *rapture* of the animal creation, sung by the Welch poet, and so obvious to the perception of all, we may reasonably expect to find in numerous authors. In particular, it is thus glanced at by Gray:

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures, now that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis man, alone, that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes:—

of the imagery and philosophy of which stanza, the former principally belongs to Horace, Lib. I, Ode iv.—The same *rapture* is the subject of the following French rondeau. A translation appeared in an early number of the Port Folio, New Series:

Le Tems a laissé son manteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluie,
Et s'est vêtu de broiderie,
De soleil luisant, clair et beau:
Il n'y a bête, ni oiseau,
Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie,
Le Tems a laissé son manteau
De vent, de froidure ou de pluie.

I shall close my comparisons, with that of the delineation of Spring, by Thomson and by the Welch poet. In the poem of the latter, the stream that *murmurs its gratitude*, may be remarked; though I know not whether a thought of this kind be not something very like a conceit. The *horse*, that *demands* the hill, the vale and the stream, is very animated. In the two pictures of Spring, it is observable, that that of the Welch poet makes the personification male: 'Lightly treading on aromatic shrubs and fragrant flowers, the offspring of his bounty, see, Spring approaches! Fragrance issues from his lips, and over his frame is thrown a garment, blue as the skies which he enlivens; while, jocund, he spreads the verdant mantle over the valley, hill, and grove: the birds resume their interrupted harmony:'—

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

The *stream*, that disdains the tyranny of Winter—that breaks its icy chains—is nothing new.—'Winter!' cries the bard, in the poem to which I paid my first attention, 'Winter! no streams I discover; thy rage has bound them in fetters strong as adamant.'—It is when he talks of *streams*, if any where, that we ought to discover a resemblance to Ossian; but the genius of the two poets has no point of unity. The bard, that *dwelt beneath the roof* of a Welch Augustus, regards as animated with *the spirits of tygers*, those who on the hills of Morven, *bear the figures of men;* and very obligingly recommends it to Winter, to *howl and rage* among them, un-

less, leaving man to famine, he should prefer to exhaust himself on the ocean, or among the rocks of *Ultima Thulé*.

I have one serious quarrel with the translator, and no more: not *fisheries*, but simple *fishing*, was in the contemplation of the poet; and I wish that this contortion had not been employed for the reiteration of the silly things, that, now-a-days, we perpetually hear, of *warriors*. I cannot see the use, in a mercantile mechanic age, like ours, of labouring at the degradation of the military character. A lighter subject remains: I submit to the translator, that *implement*, *emolument*, *debilitated frame*, *adjust*, *exertions of industry*, and some others, are not poetic terms; and, that in prose translation, while we part with the *harmony* of verse, we can by no means spare the *diction* by which it ought to be accompanied. Another point, is the danger of bestowing, in translation, the *phraseology* of modern poets, on the *thoughts* of ancient. I can by no means assert that this has been done, in the sentence, *The harvest bows before the sickle;*—but the fact is suspicious.

METOICOS.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 4.

ON THE MOALLAKAT.

But ah, thou know'st not in what youthful play
Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam away!
Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming maid,
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant shade:
We sipp'd till morning purpled ev'ry plain;
The damsels slumber'd; but we sipp'd again:
The waking birds, that sung on ev'ry tree
Their early notes, were not so blithe as we.—

COULD we present our readers with the whole of the Moällakat, reduced into verse like this, we should sensibly increase whatever portion of pleasure they may receive from the prose translation. On the other hand, from a prose and literal translation, a more faithful picture of the original will be obtained: its music indeed must be wanting; but the thoughts and images will be more accurately given, than by a translator who is constantly tempted to sacrifice these to the difficulties of measure. Of this truth, a sufficient example presents itself in these lines themselves, which are rendered by sir William Jones, from the poem of Lebeid, when compared with the prose version of the same pen:—'Ah! thou knowest not how many serene nights, with sweet sport and mirthful revelry, I pass in gay conversation; and often return to the flag of the wine merchant, when he spreads it in the air, and sells his wine at a high price! I purchase the old liquor at a dear rate, in dark leathern bottles, long reposited, or in casks black with pitch, whose seals I break, and then fill the cheerful goblet. How often do I quaff the pure wine in the morning, and draw toward me the fair lutanist, whose delicate fingers skilfully touch the strings! I rise before the cock, to take my morning draught, which I sip again and again, when the sleepers of the dawn awake.'

After all, we must be strictly upon our guard, not hastily to decide against the merits of any poem, the contents of which come to us only through the medium of prose. In our initial numbers, we endeavoured to show, that measure is not merely a quality, but the very substance of poetry; and if this be taken from the thoughts and language of a poet, he appears under an incalculable disadvantage. In translation, much of his choice of expression is stripped away; and, in prose translation, all the charm of his numbers. Thus circumstanced, he must be viewed with every indulgence.

II. A second occasion of indulgence is, when the writings of a poet are read by a nation, the manners of which are essentially different from those of his own. Of this, as it respects the Arabian authors of the Moällakat, our read-

ers are already warned. The manners, customs, and theology of every country, are the subjects of allusions, and produce forms of expression, which, often where they are peculiar beauties in their native language, are necessarily but ill relished by those to whom their sources are unknown: often they are pointless, often perplexing, and often disagreeable. Nothing but the most prolonged research could discover to us, how much of our own speech is made up of allusion; and we must allow the same characteristic to every other.

III. Some other considerations deserve to be pressed upon the reader of the Moällakat; but we shall previously take a brief view of the history and nature of this collection of poems. A school of poetry, held at Ocadh, where, in occasional assemblies, new compositions were produced by their authors, has already been described, as existing at the beginning of the seventh century. At this school, or assembly, those compositions which obtained sufficient favour, were adjudged to be suspended in the temple of Mecca, on the walls, or on the gate; for in which situation, or whether indifferently in all, we are not satisfied. But, to be thus preserved, or displayed, they were also transcribed upon Egyptian paper, and in letters of gold; and hence, poems so honoured, were denominated *Modhahebat*, or Golden; and *Moällakat*, or Suspended. The poems themselves, without reference to these circumstances, were called *casseidas*, or *eclogues*. Of these, the seven that are esteemed the finest, *prior* to the Flight of Mohammed, are preserved in the libraries of Europe, under the general title of *Moällakat*.

The Moällakat, fairly transcribed, and accompanied by explanatory notes, is among Pocock's manuscripts, at Oxford, No. 164; and in the same collection, No. 174, there is a manuscript containing above forty other poems, all of which have received similar honours, and are properly to be ranked in the Moällakat. The names of the seven poets of the *Moällakat*, under the limitation given to it by European scholars, and such as we are here to regard it, are Amriolkais, Tarafa, Zohair, Lebeid, Antara, Amru and Hareth.

IV. Sir William Jones has accompanied his translation with commentaries, of part of which we shall avail ourselves. It is to be lamented, that he did not live, or had not the leisure, to add that preliminary discourse which he deferred to write, till after he should have received the strictures of the learned, and of which he has prefixed the following prospectus:—'The discourse will comprise observations on the antiquity of the Arabian language and letters; on the dialects and characters of Himyar and Koraish, with accounts of some Himyarish poets; on the manners of the Arabs in the age immediately preceding that of Mahomed; on the temple at Mecca, and the Moâllakât, or pieces of poetry *suspended* on its walls or gate; lastly, on the lives of the *seven poets*, with a critical history of their works, and the various copies or editions of them preserved in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

'The notes will contain authorities and reasons for the translation of controverted passages; will elucidate all the obscure couplets, and exhibit or propose amendments of the text; will direct the reader's attention to particular beauties, or point out remarkable defects; and will throw light on the images, figures, and allusions of the Arabian poets, by citations either from writers of their own country, or from such European travellers as best illustrate the ideas and customs of eastern nations.'

What sir William Jones deferred to undertake, we are far from assuming to accomplish. We shall occasionally submit the observations that occur to us; but our chief object is to put our readers in possession of a set of poems, marked by at least some novelty of character, and in which, to say nothing of other recommendations, through his own comparisons with what he has elsewhere read, he will find an abundant source of pleasure. They will recal many passages of the Greek and Roman classics, surprising us with unexpected similarities, or pleasing us by

opposite beauties. In particular, it will be a gratification, within every one's reach, to read them along with the more poetical books of the Scriptures, as those of Isaiah, Hosea and Habakkuk; where, allowing for their dissimilitude in other respects, striking resemblances of thought, and above all, of style, will be perceived: the same abruptness; the same want of arrangement; the same frequent and diffuse introduction of natural objects; the same landscape, and the same eyes.

V. What we have just advanced, brings us to speak more directly of the topics to which these poems are devoted. If any of our readers, misled by the account of their suspension at the temple of Mecca, have at any time supposed them to be of a religious character, the remarks quoted from sir William Jones, in our preceding number, the extract from the poem of Lebeid, in this, and the detail we have since entered into, on the circumstances under which the suspension took place, must have put an end to the deception. These poems are amatory, pastoral, warlike, patriotic; sometimes didactic, but more frequently bacchanalian. They breathe a spirit of freedom, and, what we must be allowed to name as something distinct, a freedom of mind. Their philosophy is Epicurean: they reiterate expressions of contempt for those who would rob life of the sensual pleasures; and, it must be confessed, that they sometimes wear all the effrontery of debauch. In listening to them, man seems to enjoy a loftier character; undaunted in the field, unwearied in action, exulting in his strength, joyous in his relaxation, and disburthened of the shackles of narrow systems; but, on the other side, our poets are proud to describe themselves as little better than drunkards, and we are attempted to be cajoled into a good understanding with tiplers, who take *spiced wine* in the morning, *before the censurers are awake*, *breaking* the *seals* of so many *dark leathern bottles*, that, exhausting the *wine-merchant*, they *make him strike his flag*. In a word, the Moällakat is replete with vigour and gaiety; and, if its authors would sometimes recommend, by their example, a more unbridled addiction to pleasure than we know to be consistent with happiness, it is our business—to reject the advice. We have gloomy writers enough, in our part of the world; and, if we sometimes meet with those who overstep in their cheerfulness, there is no reason why we should follow or quarrel with the one sort, more than the other.—The following sketch of the *casseida* or *eclogue* of Lebeid, of which the lines at the head of this paper are a part, and which we may safely pronounce to be one of the most exquisite poems of any age or nation, is by sir William Jones:

'The fourth, composed by Lebeid, is purely pastoral, and extremely like the Alexis of Virgil, but far more beautiful, because more agreeable to nature: the poet begins with praising the charms of the fair Novâra (a word which in Arabic signifies a *timorous fawn*), but inveighs against her unkindness; he then interweaves a description of his young camel, which he compares for its swiftness to a stag pursued by hounds; and takes occasion afterwards to mention his own riches, accomplishments, liberality and valour; his noble birth, and the glory of his tribe: the diction of this poem is easy and simple, yet elegant; the numbers flowing and musical, and the sentiments wonderfully natural.'

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[THE ingenious and venerable RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq. has published in a large quarto, a very entertaining narrative of his life, together with amusing anecdotes of many of his literary compeers. We are glad that a cheap and portable edition of this work has been published at New-York and Philadelphia. An idea of the entertainment to be derived from this biography may be formed by perusing the following article, which very pleasantly describes Goldsmith's Stage Adventures, and gives us a lively idea of the interest that his friends took in his success.]

"Oliver Goldsmith began at this time to write for the stage, and it is to be lamented that he had not begun at an earlier period of life to turn his genius to dramatic composition, and much more

to be lamented, that, after he had begun, the succeeding period of his life was so soon cut off. There is no doubt but his genius, when more familiarised to the business, would have inspired him to accomplish great things. His first comedy of *The Good-natured Man* was read and applauded in its manuscript by Edmund Burke, and the circle in which he then lived and moved: under such patronage it came with those testimonials to the director of Covent Garden Theatre, who could not fail to open all the avenues to the stage, and bespeak all the favour and attention from the performers and the public, that the applauding voice of him, whose applause was fame itself, could give it. This comedy has enough to justify the good opinion of its literary patron, and secure its author against any loss of reputation, for it has the stamp of a man of talents upon it, though its popularity with the audience did not quite keep pace with the expectations, grounded on the fiat it had antecedently been honoured with. It was a first effort however, and did not discourage its ingenious author from invoking his muse a second time. It was now, whilst his labours were in projection, that I first met him at the British Coffee-house, as I have already related somewhat out of place. He dined with us as a visitor, introduced, as I think, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and we held a consultation upon the naming of his comedy, which some of the company had read, and which he detailed to the rest after his manner with a great deal of good humour. Somebody suggested——*She Stoops to Conquer*, and that title was agreed upon. When I perceived an embarrassment in his manner towards me, which I could readily account for, I lost no time to put him at his ease, and I flatter myself I was successful. As my heart was ever warm towards my contemporaries, I did not counterfeit, but really felt a cordial interest in his behalf, and I had soon the pleasure to perceive that he credited me for my sincerity.—"You and I," said he, "have very different motives for resorting to the stage. I write for money, and care little about fame—." I was touched by this melancholy confession, and from that moment busied myself assiduously amongst all my connexions in his cause. The whole company pledged themselves to the support of the ingenious poet, and faithfully kept their promise to him. In fact, he needed all that could be done for him, as Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, protested against the comedy, when as yet he had not struck upon a name for it. *Johnson at length stood forth, in all his terrors, as champion for the piece*, and backed by us, his clients and retainers, demanded a fair trial. Colman again protested, but, with that salvo for his own reputation, liberally lent his stage to one of the most eccentrick productions that ever found its way to it, and *She Stoops to Conquer* was put into rehearsal.

"We were not over sanguine of success, but perfectly determined *to struggle hard for our author:* we accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakspeare Tavern in a considerable body for an early dinner, where *Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps:* the poet took post silently by his side with the *Burkes*, *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, *Fitzherbert*, *Caleb Whiteford*, and a phalanx of North British predetermined applauders, under the banner of Major Mills, all good men and true. Our *illustrious president was in inimitable glee*, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day or every day of his life. In the mean time we did not forget our duty, and though we had a better comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to separate, and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon in a manner that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

"We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to

his friends, and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious, laugh, that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired therefore to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. *All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in a front row of a side box; and when he laughed every body thought themselves warranted to roar.* In the mean time my friend followed my signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author; but, alas, it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more mal-à-propos than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own."

[I know not the name of the author of the ensuing description, but from internal evidence, suspect it to be L'Estrange, from the quaintness of the antitheses, and from an occasional sprinkling of the dialect of Alsatia. In many passages, however, the ingenuity of the author, rising above cant and affectation, has very elegantly, as well as justly, described a lawyer of skill, eloquence, and probity. Our partiality to the profession and knowledge of many an advocate urge us to declare that the character is not uncommon in America. A day, in the term of many of our lawyers, which is unmarked by some deed of justice or humanity, is a *dies non* in his calendar. Industry is his pledge for prosecution, and Skill is the subscribing witness to all his instruments.]

CHARACTER OF AN HONEST LAWYER.

Justitiæ cultor, rigidi servator Honesti, in commune bonus.

An honest lawyer is the life-guard of our fortunes, the best collateral security for an estate: a trusty pilot, to steer one through the dangerous (and oftentimes inevitable) ocean of contention: a true priest of justice, that neither sacrifices to fraud nor covetousness; and in this outdoes those of a higher function; that he can make people honest that are sermon-proof.—He is an infallible anatomist of *Meum* and *Tuum*, that will presently search a cause to the quick, and find out the peccant humour, the little lurking cheat, though masked in never so fair pretences: one that practices law, so as not to forget the gospel, but always wears a conscience as well as a gown; he weighs the cause more than gold; and if that will not bear the touch, in a generous scorn puts back the fee.

Though he knows all the criticisms of his faculty, and the nice snapperadoes of practice, yet he never uses them, unless in a defensive way, to countermine the plots of knavery; for he affects not the devilish skill of out-baffling right, nor aims at the shameful glory of making a bad cause good; but with equal contempt hates the wolf's study, and the dog's eloquence; and disdains to grow great by crimes, or build himself a fortune on the spoil of the oppressed, or the ruin of the widow and orphan. He has more reverence for his profession, than to debauch it to unrighteous purposes; and had rather be dumb than suffer his tongue to pimp for injustice, or club his parts to bolster

up a cheat with the legerdemain of law-craft.

He is not faced like *Janus*, to take a retaining fee from the plaintiff, and afterwards a back-handed bribe from the defendant: nor so double tongued, that one may purchase his pleading, and the other at the same, or a larger price, his silence; but when he undertakes a business, he espouses it in earnest—and does not follow a cause, but manages it. A mollifying letter from the adversary's potent friend, a noble treat, or the remora of a lusty present from the great, have no influence to make him slacken his proceedings: for he is so zealous for his client's interest, that you may sooner divorce the sun from the ecliptic, than warp him from his integrity; yet still is his patron only *usque ad aras* (as far as just;) for if once he finds the business smells rank, *St. Mark's* treasure, or the mines of *Potosi*, are too small a fee to engage him one step further.

As his profession is honourable, so his education has been liberal and ingenious; far different from that of some jilting pettifoggers, and purse-milking law-drivers, whose breeding, like a cuckoo's, is in the nest of another trade, where they learn wrangling and knavery in their own causes, to spoil those of other men, and, with sweetened ingredients of mechanic fraud, compound themselves (though simple enough) fit instruments for villany. But his greener years were seasoned with literature, and he can give better proofs of his university learning, than his reckoning up the colleges, and boasting his name in the buttery book: he understands logic (the method of right reasoning), and rhetoric (the art of persuasion), is well seen in history (the free school of prudence), and no stranger to the ethics and politics of the ancients. He is skilled in other languages besides *declaration Latin* and *Norman* gibberish: he read *Plato* and *Tully* before he saw either *Lyttelton* or the *Statute Book*, and, grounded in the principles of nature and customs of nations, came *(lotis manibus)* to the study of our common municipal law, which he found to be *multorum annorum opus*, a task that requires all the nerves of industry; and therefore employed his time at the Inns of Court, better than in hunting after new fashions, starting fresh mistresses, haunting the play-houses, or acquiring the other little town accomplishments, which render their admirers fine men in the opinion of fools, but egregious fops in the judgment of the wise.

In his study, he traffics not only with the infantry of epitomes, abridgments, and diminutive collectors in *decimo-sexto*, but draws his knowledge from the original springs, digesting the whole body of the law in a laborious and regular method, but especially aims to be well versed in the practice of every court, and rightly to understand the art of good pleading, as knowing them to be the most useful to unravel the knotty intrigues of the cause, and reduce it to an issue; yet hates to pester the court with *circuities*, *negative pregnants*, *departures*, and multiplied *inconveniences*.

He never goes about with feigned allegations, to cast a mist before the eyes of justice, that she may mistake her road, and assign the child to the wrong mother: endeavours not to pack a jury by his interest to the under sheriff; nor to balk an evidence with a multitude of sudden ensnaring interrogatories; nor maintains any correspondence with the knights of Alsatia, or Ram-alley vouchers. He can prosecute a suit in equity, without seeking to create a *whirlpool*, where one order shall beget another, and the poor client be swung round (like a cat before execution) from decree to rehearsing, from report to exception, and *vice-versa*, till his fortunes are shipwrecked, and himself drowned, for want of white and yellow earth to wade through on. He never studies delays, to the ruin of a family, for the lucre of ten groats; nor, by drilling quirks, spins out a suit more lasting than buff, depending a whole revolution of Saturn, and entailed on the third and fourth generation. He does not play the empiric with his client, and put him on the rack to make him bleed more freely, casting him into a swoon, with frights of a judgment,

A knight of the order of the Golden Fleece wore, with great parade and ostentation, several chains round his neck. A man of wit, who saw the knight thus caparisoned, observed, that for other mad people one chain was thought sufficient, but this fellow requires a dozen.

The honorable Mr. Spencer is entitled to a distinguished place among the present poets of Great Britain. The following pathetic poem does great honour to his genius and to his humanity.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

Founded on a true Story.

Why mourn ye, why strew ye the flow'rets around,
To yon new sodded grave as your slow steps advance?
In yon new sodded grave (ever dear be the ground)
Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance!
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow,
For the stranger ye lov'd, the poor exile from France.

Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, tho' broken his heart;
No comfort, no hope, his own heart could elate,
Tho' comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
Still foremost was he, mirth and pleasure to raise,
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days!

One pleasure he knew; in his straw-cover'd shed
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggot to trim,
One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
Which he shar'd with the poor, tho' still poorer than him.

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast
Every gift, every solace, our hamlet could bring,
He blest us with sighs, which we thought were his last,
But he still had a prayer for his country and KING.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturbed be thy sleep!
From the feast, from the wake, from the village green dance,
How oft shall we wander by moonlight to weep
O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France!

To the church-going bride shall thy memory impart
One pang, as her eyes on thy cold relics glance,
One flower from her garland, one tear from her heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile of France.

The following Latin hendecasyllables contain an ingenious answer of a gouty epicure to the remonstrances of his physician.

Tentatum podagra senem Vacerram,
Nec vini tamen abstinentiorem;
Visens Archigenes, Amice, dixit,
Cado parcere, si sapis, memento;
Fons est ille tuæ unicus podagræ.
Audivit placide senex monentem,
Et gratias, specie probantis, egit.
Verum post aliquot dies reversus,
Ad ægrum medicus, scyphos ut illum
Vertentem reperit meraciores:
Eheu, quid facis? inquit. At Vacerra:
Fontem sicco meæ, ut vides, podagræ.

IMITATED.

Chalkstone was dying of the gout,
But still would see his bottle out.
Old friend, the doctor oft would say,
I wonder you're alive to-day.
Wine is the *deadly fount*, whence flows
This *torrent* of arthritic woes.
Be sober, my advice is mild—
The wily patient bow'd and smil'd.
Some few days past, the doctor came,
Found Chalkstone's visage all a flame,
Who, *emptying* a *large decanter*,
Began the doctor thus to banter;
Soon, Galen, all my pains must fly,
For, see! the *fatal fount* is dry.

As there are characters of pretended valour, so are there wits of false splendour and little judgment. When I was young, says Urban Chevreau, I remember attending a sermon preached by a Prelate who was celebrated at court for the greatness of his talent. It was on the feast of Mary Magdalen. The Bishop having enlarged much on the repentance of Mary, observed that her tears had opened to her a way to heaven, and that she had travelled by water to a place, where few other persons have gone by land.

I offer no apology for transcribing the following trifles. Though short, they are not without sentiment.

I've roam'd through many a weary round,
I've wandered east and west,
Pleasure in every clime I found,
But sought in vain for Rest.

While glory sighs for other spheres,
I find that one's too wide,
And think the home, which Love endears,
Were worth the world beside.

The needle thus, too rudely mov'd,
Wanders unconscious where,
Till having found the plain it lov'd,
It fondly settles there.

What though Fate forbids me offer
Golden gifts from Fortune's store,
All I have to Love I proffer,
Fortune cannot offer more.

What though bright the jewell'd treasure,
Which Peruvian mines supply,
Brighter still are tears of pleasure,
Sparkling from Affection's eye.

Hymen in his power for ever
Fain the god of hearts would hold,
Binding oft, a vain endeavour
Love with Interest's chain of gold.

Soon their weight his strength o'erpowers,
Soon they crush the puny elf;
Love can bear no chains but flowers
Light and blooming like himself.

When the Athenian ambassadors returned from Macedonia, they expatiated much on the beauty of Alexander's person, and his power of drinking a large quantity of wine at once. The Grecian orator heard these reports with indignation, observing that the first topic of praise belonged to a woman, and the second contained the qualities of a sponge.

In the lexicon of Suidas is the following sublime passage, which describes the genius and talent of the great father of ancient philosophy. The fine turn of the expression carries with it evident proof of its originating from some Greek writer of the purest ages. 'Aristotle was the secretary of Nature, and he dipped his pen in MIND.'

I held, says the gallant and witty Menage, the beautiful hand of Madame G. for a long time within both of mine, and on letting it go, the abbé P. observed, that it was by far the finest work that ever went out of my hands.

DIBDIN's buxom Nan is so well described by that nautical poet, that we will hang up the picture of a sailor's sweetheart:

The wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
Unfurl'd was every flowing sail,
From toil releas'd, when Dick of Dover,
Went with his messmates to regale.

All dangers o'er, cried he, my neathearts,
Drown care then in the smiling can,
Come bear a-hand, let's toast our sweethearts,
And first I'll give you buxom Nan.

She's none of those that 's always jigging,
And stem and stern made up of art;
One knows a vessel by her rigging,
Such ever slight a constant heart:

With straw hat and pink streamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has she ran,
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with smiles my buxom Nan.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies;
To see him stare when he came back,
The girls were all off of the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack.

Jack masted all to see who's tallest.
Breast work, top-ga'ant sails, and a fan,
Messmate, cried I, more sail than ballast,
Ah, give me still my buxom Nan.

None in life's sea can sail more quicker,
To shew her love, or serve a friend;
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,
This one word then, and there's an end.

Of all the wenches whatsomever,
I say then, find me out, who can,
One half so tight, so kind, so clever,
Sweet, trim and neat, as buxom Nan.

The learned Huet, a very hard student and a nonagenarian, observes, that it is a great mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is prejudicial to health. We see that studious men live as long as persons of any other profession. History will confirm the truth of this observation. In fact, the regular, calm, and uniform life of a student conduces to health, and removes many inconveniences and dangers, which might otherwise assault it, provided that the superfluous heat of the constitution be assuaged by moderate exercise, and the habit of the body be not overcharged with a quantity of aliment, incompatible with a sedentary life.

There are some persons, says Poggius, from whose conversation we retire with a thorough conviction of the existence of a vacuum.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

To preserve a regular connection with our friends, it is prudent to renew our visits on distant intervals. Continual rain, says the Jewish axiom illustrating this position, is unpleasant, and most welcome when wished for and expected. Familiarity, the bane of friendship, is strongly and wisely condemned in the following lines, at the conclusion of an epigram in the XIIth book of Martial:

Si vitare velis acerba quædam,
Et tristes animi cavere morsus:
Nulli te facias nimis sodalem;
Gaudebis minus et minus dolebis.

Epitaph upon a very insignificant and contemptible Frenchman, who left a sum of money in his will for that purpose:

Colas est mort de maladie;
Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort;
Que diable veux tu que j'en dise?
Colas vivoit, Colas est mort!

The ingenious Mr. Ellis, in his Specimens, quotes the following little poem, and praises it with an emphasis not louder than it deserves. The two last stanzas cannot fail to charm the poet and the lover:

TO THE MOON, BY MISS SCOTT.

Thou silent moon, that look'st so pale,
So much exhausted and so faint,
Wandering over hill and dale,
Watching oft the kneeling saint—
Hearing his groans float on the gale,
No wonder thou art tired and pale.

Yet I have often seen thee bring
Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep,
Then, with a smile, their lustre fling
Full on the dark and roaring deep,
When the pilgrim's heart did fail,
And when near lost the tossing sail.

Sure, that passing blush deceives;
For thou, fair nymph, art chaste and cold!
Love our bosom seldom leaves;
But thou art of a different mould.
Hail, chaste queen! forever hail,
And, prithee, look not quite so pale.

Yet stay—perhaps thou'st travell'd far,
Exulting in thy conscious light;
Till, as I fear, some youthful star,
Hath spread his charms before thy sight,
And, when he found his arts prevail,
He left thee, sickening, faint, and pale.

Henry IV, of France, whenever he swore, used to exclaim, "Ventre St. Gris." One would in vain look over every history of martyrs to search for such a saint. But, says D'Argonne, a gentleman told me, who had heard it from some of the guardians of this prince, that they, being afraid that Henry might fall into the fashion of those times, which were much addicted to profane oaths, permitted the young prince to use the words ventre St. Gris, as they were expressive of no signification whatever.

It is rare that a modern novel, of the circulating library of Lane, contains sense or exhibits nature. In "The Mystic Cottager of Chamouny," amid a mass of absurdities, we are surprised to find the following gem. It is worthy to be preserved; and the readers of the Port Folio will exclaim, that we have picked up a diamond from a compost heap:

THE MULETEER.

When o'er the moon a mystic veil
Obscures her pallid silver light,
When howling winds burst o'er the dale,
And no bright eve-star lends her light;
Then o'er the cliff's impending brow
The lowly muleteer must go.

His twinkling lamp he cautious bears,
To guide him from the chasms deep;
And oft the rushing cataract hears,
When every eye is sealed in sleep.
Though drear the hour, through hail and snow,
Alas the muleteer must go.

Joyous he views the rising dawn
Break from the thick rob'd shades of night,
With fluid gold the blushing morn
Sheds the soft ambient beam of light;
Then gay o'er tracks of Alpine snow
The lowly muleteer must go.

There are certain persons who pass their whole age in consultations, and never put in practice what they are so busily employed in meditating upon. To such idle persons may be applied the words of Eccles. chap. xi, verse 4. —He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

An advertisement in a provincial print begins thus:—"To be let for ever, or longer if required."

and then reviving him again with a cordial writ of error, or the dear elixir of an injunction, to keep the brangle alive as long as there are any vital spirits in the pouch. He can suffer his neighbours to live quiet about him, without perpetual alarms of actions and indictments, or conjuring up dormant titles to every commodious seat, and making land fall five years purchase, merely for lying within ten miles of him.

He delights to be an arbitrator, not an incendiary, and has *beatus pacificus* is oftener in his mouth than *currat lex*. He never wheedles any into endless suits for trifles, nor animates them to undo themselves and others for damage feasant, or insignificant trespasses *pedibus ambulando;* but (as *Telephus's* sword was the best cure for the wounds it made) advises people to compose their assaults and slanders over the same ale that begot them; nor does he, in weightier cases, extort unreasonable fees; for whatever the foul-chapp'd rabble may suggest, a lawyer's profession is not mercenary; the money given him is only an honorary gratuity for his advice and trouble, or a grateful acknowledgment of our obligations for his well-intended endeavours; and the old emblem of the brambles tearing off the sheep's fleece that ran to it for shelter in a storm, can have no reflection upon him, whose brains is as active, and his tongue as volatile, for a pennyless pauper, as when oiled with the *aurum potabile* of a dozen guineas.

In a word, whilst he lives, he is the delight of the court, the ornament of the bar, the glory of his profession, the patron of innocency, the upholder of right, the scourge of oppression, the terror of deceit, and the oracle of his country; and when death calls him to the bar of heaven, by a *habeas corpus cum causis*, he finds his judge his advocate, nonsuits the devil, obtains a liberate from all his infirmities, and continues still one of the long robe in glory.

The courtier's pomp, or glorious scar
Got by a soldier in the war,
Can hold no weight with his brave mind,
Who studies to preserve mankind.

For the Port Folio.

[We have amused ourselves for five minutes by translating from the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*, the following account of one of those rakehells, whom the French call by the expressive name of *bons diables*. Taconnet, in his taste and habits, appears very closely to have resembled the famous Tom Brown of merry memory.]

Gaspard Toussaint Taconnet, was born at Paris, in 1730. He was the son of a carpenter, but abandoned his trade to indulge his love of libertinism. He became a rhymer, and the tavern was his Parnassus. He connected himself with a company of strollers, and thus appeared in the double capacity of player and poet. He was called, the *Molière of the suburbs*. He composed, for the *Spectacle* of *Nicolet*, many *Parodies*, *Farces* and *Shows:* a catalogue of which may be found in *la France Litéraire*. Among the crowd of these temporary productions, composed for the amusement of the populace, *Indiscreet Confessions*, and, *The kiss given and returned*, were distinguished, in some degree, by the approbation of men of taste. His personages were always Coblers, Drunkards, Blackguards, and Libertines; and he mingled in his performances, the same gaiety, and the same extravagance, which he displayed on the stage. He died at Paris, in the Hospital of Charity, the 29th of December 1774, in consequence of his excesses. Bacchus was his Apollo, and when he manifested his contempt for any person, he used to say, that he despised such a one, as much as he did *a glass of water*. It is asserted, that the liquor he loved so well cost him his life; and, as *Poinsinet*, one of his rivals, was drowned, a short time before, in the Guadalquiver, the following lampoon was written against them by some wag.

O Mort! en veux-tu, dans ta rage,
Aux plus grands auteurs de notre age?
Dans trop d'eau, s'éteint Poinsinet,
Et dans trop de vin Taconnet.

The sense of which is,

O Death! were you enraged against the two greatest geniuses of this century, that you extinguished the life of the one with *water*, and the other with *wine*.

To a man of an exalted mind, the forgiveness of injuries is productive of more pleasure than vengeance obtained. Lewis the twelfth of France, in answer to those who advised him to revenge himself on those who had been his enemies before his accession to the throne, replied nobly: "The king of France does not remember the injuries of the duke of Orleans." A sentence of equal magnanimity is recorded to have been uttered by the emperor Adrian, on seeing a person, who had injured him in his former station: "You are safe; I am emperor."

Dryden's sluggishness or dullness in conversation, of which even he himself complains, and upon which Dr. Johnson speculates so much, probably arose from a deficiency of animal spirits alone. This perhaps, better than any other cause, will account for that modesty, reserve and diffidence, for which many men of genius are remarkable. Virgil spoke but little. The wit of Thomson never flowed till midnight. Pope was observed to be silent in company, till he had heated his fancy by a cheerful glass. Addison's taciturnity is notorious. It was not till late at night, when claret circulated freely, that any portion of that humour and elegance in conversation could be elicited, of which none but his most intimate friends knew him to be possessed. All these were men of low animal spirits and of delicate nerves. They therefore needed more than an ordinary spur to unfold and display their intellectual treasures.

Extract from a sermon of an Augustine monk.

When the preacher had arrived at that passage in the New Testament, where the Evangelist describes the servants of the High Priest warming themselves by the fire side, he addressed his audience very solemnly, observing, My brethren, ye are to notice that the Evangelist is not content to mention this circumstance merely as an historian would, by the words *calefaciebant se*, they warmed themselves, but adds, in the spirit of a philosopher, *quia frigus erat*, because *it was cold*.

A young man of Florence, whose understanding bore no proportion to his vanity, communicated his design of travelling to one of his friends. I mean, says the stripling, to lay aside a thousand florins, in order that I may make myself known in the world. I would rather, says his friend, that you would lay by twice the sum, that you might secure to yourself some secret retreat from the world, where you might not be known.

Mr. S. says De Valois, was very fond of gaming, though he knew very little of the matter, and was very unlucky. Madame B. his sister, who was suspected strongly of gallantry, used frequently to reproach him for his attachment to cards. 'Brother, you will ruin yourself: when do you mean to quit the gaming table?' 'When you, sister, quit your gallants,' said he. This story gave occasion to the following verses of Mons. D——.

Jouirez vous éternellement,
Vous, qui jouez si malheureusement?
Disoit une dame à son frère.
Je quitterez le jeu, reprit-il en colère,
Quand vous quitterez vos amours.
Ho! le méchant, dit-elle, il veut jouer toujours.

IMITATED.

Dear brother, why for ever game?
Cannot ill luck your madness tame?
Said a young lass of frail eighteen,
With face so fair, and eye so keen.—
Sister, no more my faults upbraid;
I own I've lost, whene'er I've played:
This hour to dice I'll bid adieu,
But you must quit your lovers too.—
Alas! your feelings I bewail,
Brother, I fear you'll die in jail.

Santeuil coming into company after having attended a very dull discourse, delivered by the abbé C. observed to his friends that the abbé had done better the year before. He did not preach then, replied one of the company. That is the very thing I mean, rejoined Santeuil.

A rector of a parish in France being asked, rather impertinently, what was the name of the saint to whom his church was dedicated, replied that he did not know, as he was not acquainted with the saint by sight.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

AN ODE,

TO THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER SAMPIT.

By the late William Martin Johnson, written at Georgetown, S. C. in 1795.

Still winder of the pensive wave,
That calmly tend'st thy little urn,
Than Tempe's lovelier vales to lave
And quench the potent beams that burn
Thy tender offspring's verdant forms;
Nor dost forsake thy rising care
When Jove desends in awful storms,
And bolted thunders singe the air!

What, though along thy lonely banks
Not oft the tuneful sisters rove;
Nor tripping light in twilight ranks,
The fairies fill the neighb'ring grove:

Though thou on no Etruscan shore
Hast seen a thousand villas smile,
Nor hast, like rapid Hebrus, bore
An Orpheus to the Lesbian isle:

Nor dost thou number with the gods,
Like Nile, from heaven derive thy source,
Nor visit Pluto's dark abodes,
Like Arethusa's latent course:

Yet hast thou charms my muse to fire,
And though her voice not long shall live,
Her trembling hand shall wake the lyre,
And give what fame her strains can give.

While the just bounds the thunderer gave,
The boisterous brothers oft despise,
And rising fierce with impious wave,
O'erwhelm the earth and threat the skies.

O hoary Neptune's coral throne
Thou mildly leads't thy limpid race,
While pleas'd to meet his meekest son,
The monarch melts in thy embrace.

Diana oft withdraws her gaze
From dull Endymions slumbering charms,
And flies to keep with brighter blaze
A tenderer vigil in thy arms:

Like fairy knights in silver clad
To sportive war advancing gay,
Shiver'd beam each radiant blade,
Thy waves in bright confusion play.

Along thy banks where canes compose
The humid bower and tiny grove,
Thy naiads through the day repose,
And consecrate the night to love.

Chance, no monster from the deep,
In scaly terrors grim invade,
And stretch'd immense in dragon sleep,
Affright the fair tremblers from the shade.

I catch the breeze and court the muse,
At crimson dawn or evening grey,
I shall my sandals brush the dews
That richly gem thy devious way.

But thee, staid Eve, most sweet I prove,
When led by gleams of insect light,
Thought wanders wild with hapless *Love*,
And *Sadness* sighs along the night.

Yes! sweet thy cells and rayless groves,
Where lonely *Woes* delight to haunt,
And wounded hearts like dying doves
With pangs too big for utterance pant.

Yon gloomy pines that stand aloof,
With thick and darkly waving locks,
Amidst whose shades with silent hoof,
The trembling deer wild gazing stalks:

The thick'ning cloud, the screeching storm,
The nimble lightning's lurid glare,
The gliding phantom's half-seen form
Though sad, not all unlovely are.

The nerve by pity interwove,
Pale grief low-bending o'er the bier,
The poignant sympathies of love,
And suffering friendship's confluent tear.

All these their mingled pleasures know,
A little gold amidst th' alloy,
And from the poisonous mass of woe
Extract a melancholy joy.

In fate's worst cup of bitterest spite,
Some drops of comfort still are found;
In pain itself there is delight,
If love and pity bathe the wound.

Thus some pale flowers in deserts bloom,
Where never pierc'd the solar beams;
Thus some lone star, through midnight's gloom,
With tremulous radiance dimly gleams.

Curst be the passions' stoic sleep,
The marble heart, the nerve of steel!
Give me to suffer and to weep,
But let, ah! ever let me feel!

But, see! what goddess yonder moves!
Is it the silver shafted queen,
Or Venus, with attendant Loves
And Graces, gliding o'er the green?

Sweet stream! assist my fearful muse,
O, make her mine, and thou shalt be
To future years a new Vaucluse,
Thy Petrarch I, my Laura she.

So still may each obscener rill
From thee its turbid tribute turn,
And heaven its purest dews distil,
To feed thy ever-flowing urn.

Soft blushing, to thy vales and bowers,
May Spring her earliest visits bend,
Deck first thy brow with new-born flowers,
And in her bosom warm thee and defend.

Neglectful of Pierian streams,
The muse shall drink thy richer wave,
And fir'd to fancy's sweetest dreams,
Upon thine urn an annual verse engrave.

MAY.

WRITTEN ON LONG ISLAND, 1794.

'Tis May! no more the huntsman finds
The lingering snow behind the hill,
Her swelling bosom pregnant earth unbinds,
And love and joy creation fill.

Over the glassy streamlet's brink
Young verdures peep, themselves to view,
At morn the tipsied insects sit and drink
From flowery cups the honied dew.

Deep crimson'd in the dyes of spring,
On every side broad orchards rise,
Soft-waving to the breeze's balmy wing,
Like dancing lights in northern skies.

In ditties wild, devoid of thought,
The robin through the day descants,
The pensive whip-poor-will behind the cot,
Her dirge, at evening, duly chaunts.

Beside the rushy-fringed rill,
Intent, the treacherous angler stands,
He waves his pliant rod with fatal skill,
And strings the prey with joyful hands.

Propt on his fork, her Colin stands
Beside the milk-maid, at her cow,
The snowy stream she turns with roguish hands,
And laughs, while Colin wipes his brow.

Queen of the months! soft blushing May!
Forever bright, forever dear!
O, let our prayers prolong thy little stay,
And exile winter from the year.

Life, love, and joy, to thee belong;
Thee fly the storm and lurid cloud;
Thou giv'st the heavens their blue, the groves their song;
Thou com'st, and Nature laughs aloud.

Let prouder swains forsake the cell,
In arts, or arms, to rise, and shine,
I blame them not—alas! I wish them well;
But May and Solitude be mine!

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, sweet power! whose fires divine
Our souls exalt, unite, and bless,
I kneel before thy sacred shrine,
And with this verse thine altar dress.

Through various nature's boundless plan,
Thy influence bland diffus'd we see,
From insect atoms up to man,—
And heaven were joyless but for thee.

Sweet are thy joys, and pure thy flame,
As gales that sweep the vernal plain,
Nor didst thou e'er, with crimson shame,
The bashful virgin's cheek distain.

Thou Fair! whose *fiat* shapes my doom,
What's love without this softening power?
A fire that kindles to consume!
A savage conquering to devour!

First love should fix the welcome chain,
Then calmer friendship claim its turn,
For rapture, long intense, is pain,
But souls may glow that cease to burn.

EPIGRAMS.

Contraries please the Ladies.

A fool and knave, with different views,
For Julia's hand apply:
The knave, to mend his fortune, sues;
The fool to please his eye.
Ask you how Julia will behave?
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave—
If she's a knave, the fool.

THE DOCTOR UNDERTAKER.

Celsus, who late, tho' void of skill,
Profess'd the healing art,
Now acts, in league with *Pluto* still,
The *undertaker's* part.

The doctor's practice tending more
To slaughter than to save,
Is now the same as 'twas before,
To send folks to their grave.

A GENUINE BULL.

Says Dennis to Paddy, "I can't for my life
Conceive how a dumb pair are made man and wife,
Since they can't with the form and the parson accord."
Says Paddy, "you fool, *they take each other's word!*"

DANGER EQUALLED.

In Florimel's arms, as if quite out of breath,
I'll kiss thee, my charmer, I'll kiss thee to death,
Cried Strephon in raptures:——but soon on her breast
He sunk down his head, and compos'd him to rest:
Not long had they lain thus inactive together,
Ere the wanton pluck'd forth from the pillow a feather,
And grasping him hard, till he open'd his eyes,
In a tone of derision the witty jade cries,—
To prevent being kill'd in the manner you said,
I'm resolved with this feather to chop off your head.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.